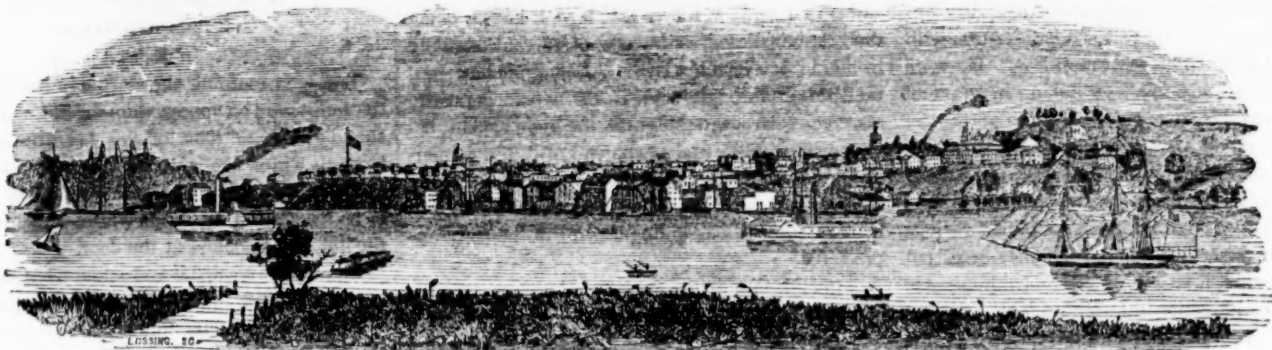


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

S Semi-monthly Journal, *E*mbellished with *E*ngravings,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1841.

NUMBER 16.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL PARTY.



MUSICAL PARTY.

"If music be the food of Love, play on—
Give me an excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die."

"That's not a bad idea of Milton's or Moore's. I forget which; but it's of no consequence, they're so much alike! The idea of stuffing a monster to

cure him of eating!—I wish I had lived a good many years ago, before people thought at all; for then I might have had a chance of thinking something new! It's of no use living now, for every body has heard every thing, and no body believes any thing original. I don't mean to say that Milton is not original; but I suspect that some of

the old chaps who lived in his day, said the same thing of him—which is a great comfort to me; because, when a good thought strikes me, and I happen to say it in somebody else's words, people laugh, and say that they have heard it before. However, I can sing, which no body can deny."

Thus spoke a simple friend of mine, as he stood

before his glass, preparing himself to attend a musical soiree at a fair friend's house. He was chiefly remarkable for the softness of his nature, the hardness of his head, and a monstrous development of self-esteem. He was of small stature, with a large head, long body and small legs. He wore his hair quite off his forehead, falling in graceful ringlets behind his ears, chiefly for the purpose of displaying a broad, unmeaning mass of forehead of which, poor simple soul! he was particularly proud. His form, from its disproportion, was peculiarly clumsy; but his room contained various casts and drawings of the Apollo Belvidere, because, as he said, it strikingly resembled him. He was an especial favorite of the ladies, for he abounded with the most silly and trifling chit-chat of the day. He knew all the prevailing fashions from the shape of a bonnet to the breadth of a shoe tie. Beside, the ladies could laugh at him, and by feeding his vanity could get him to execute the most trifling commission that their caprices could suggest. The certain way to mould him to your will was to praise his voice and singing. He believed them both perfect. It sometimes occurred to him, as a remote probability, that his form and forehead might be matched, but as to the oneness of his vocal powers he seemed perfectly assured.

He formed one of a party of distinguished amateurs who revelled in the pathos of "We've lived and loved together," and went mad outright on hearing "The Maniac." Beside the voices, they boasted of a piano-forte, a clarionette, and a violin. At his request I joined him on this occasion.

As we entered the room, the company exclaimed, "Oh, here he is, here he is!" "Oh, Mr. Johnson, I am so glad you are come!" said a fair young creature. "Now we can begin. We have been waiting for you an age, quite an age, I assure you, and our souls have been faint from the want of 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' which is the piece Mr. Tapetie has chosen as an opening piece. Will the fair Miss Clementina condescend to make the accompanying music on the piano?" So, to harmony they went; and they kept it up admirably, which was chiefly owing, I believe, to the perfect independence of each performer, both taking, deliberately, their own way. At the conclusion of the duett, we were all highly delighted; no one really more so than myself. An animated discussion then ensued as to the relative importance of music, as a branch of female education. This question was argued pro and con with remarkable ability on either side. So equally were the opponents matched, that it appeared likely to become a drawn battle, when my dapper little friend settled the question, declaring it to be a highly necessary accomplishment for ladies, as it made them "so soft." This opinion was greeted with roars of laughter, and considered as conclusive argument in favor of music. He was then requested to sing a song, and after a vast deal of pressing he yielded at last to the popular wish. It is impossible in writing to do justice to his voice or style. His voices, for he had two, were not inaptly christened, by a waggish friend, the Antipodes, because, as he said, they never could be brought together until time and space were annihilated. As high as D his lower voice was well enough, had it not been for its unvarying huskiness, but after D, came the break, and over this break he could never get comfortably, for his voice snapt short off, and flew up so high that it was lost in altissimo. Upon this he prided

himself, for he was sure that it was original. His style was something between a sigh and a snuffle, or it might be, a pleasing union of both. He chose as his first song, "I love her, how I love," being the best calculated, as he whispered confidentially to me, to develop his break. Before he had proceeded half through with it, the whole company were convulsed with laughter, the more violent, because suppressed, and at the end of it, the demonstrations of delight, perfectly overpowered him. He received them as just tributes to his merit, and declared that it was quite pleasant to be truly appreciated.

After this the mirth grew fast and furious. Songs followed by duetts, succeeded each other in rapid succession. The children, dear things, who had been, until now, remarkably quiet, began to exhibit symptoms of revolt. They, however, smothered up their excited feelings, until it was proposed to perform "On the Lake where drooped the willow," with the whole vocal and instrumental strength, when I perceived evident preparations for a decided movement. The gentleman who sang the bass took his seat by the piano-forte, for he always sat, because, he said, that if he sang standing, he drew his breath so low that it injured his constitution! Miss Clementina with a beau on either side presided at the piano-forte. The clarionet and the violin, were arranged in due order. Never shall I forget the exquisite noise of that combination. The instruments played in unison, if that wretched violin could be said to play in unison with any thing. Scrape, scrape, scratch, scratch, never reaching the proper note within a quarter of a tone. Ugh! my teeth are on edge at the bare recollection. The lady sang the air with them, the two tenors vamped a second, and the gentleman who sat, ditto a bass. As the song progressed, one little Miss threw another down upon the carpet, and began jumping upon her. The little sufferer screamed most lustily, from seemingly leathern lungs, to the evident delight of the black servant, who as he quitted the room, grinned horrible delight at the hideous row.

The discordant tumult had worked me up to a pitch of agony bordering upon frenzy, when Master Tommy put an end to the affair by a delicious coup de main. He had been for some time engaged, under the piano-forte, in tying the leg of the right hand beau to the music stool; and, having completed his arrangements, he ran a pin, nearly up to the head, into the other leg. Away flew the stool from under the fair lady, and back flew the gentleman, overturning in his backward flight, desks, instruments, and players. The lady in her descent clung frantically to the beau upon her left hand, and dragging him down with fearful velocity, deposited his head in that part of the seated gentleman where he supposed his voice to be situated, knocking him into a distant corner of the room. What afterward ensued I know not, for, maddened by the confusion, I rushed out of the house, in the midst of yells, shrieks, groans and hysteric sobs, and have never entered it since. H. C. W.

KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS.—Knowledge of books in recluse men is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own: but in the possession of a man of business, it is a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare.

Translated from the German.

PRINCESS SNOWWHITE.

A TALE, NOT FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY JOHN C. SCHERPP.

[Concluded.]

THE next morning she started in her carriage for the forest, and on approaching the hut of the dwarfs, she alighted and took off her beautiful silk cloak, beneath which she wore the disguise of a pedlar.

Thus, and having painted her face in order not to be recognised by Snowwhite, she advanced to the hut and knocked at the door.

Snowwhite opened it and asked what she wanted.

"Oh!" said the queen, with a feigned voice, "I have many pretty things for sale, perhaps you would like to buy something?"

Snowwhite had received money of the dwarfs, and, being a young, pretty girl, and consequently liking to be always dressed very neatly, she bought a beautiful silken girdle.

"Allow me," said the queen, "I will help you to put it on;" and, saying this, she drew the lacings so tightly that Snowwhite lost her breath and fell lifeless to the ground.

Glad of having succeeded so well, the wicked queen hastened back to her palace. There she presently asked the magic mirror: "How is Snowwhite?"

"She is dead," replied the mirror, and the queen was now perfectly satisfied.

The poor dwarfs, how they were frightened, and how they lamented, when they found their good Snowwhite dead on the ground.

They wept bitterly, and carried the corpse into the hut.

Whilst they were bewailing and crying, it occurred to one of them, to untie Snowwhite's girdle, and, oh! joy—as soon as the strings were loosened, Snowwhite could breathe again, and recovered. The dwarfs almost forgot themselves with joy, as in a few minutes their dear Snowwhite was again restored to health and spirits.

They asked what had happened to her, and, when told, warned her to trust to nobody, and, whilst they were absent, to speak to no person.

This Snowwhite promised, and the dwarfs returned the next day quietly to their work.

Several weeks passed away, Snowwhite lived happy and undisturbed, as formerly, and no living soul came near her.

Some time afterwards the king, her father, gave a brilliant feast in honor of a foreign prince, who was a visitor at his palace. Queen Eitel dressed herself most splendidly, and hardly knew herself from pride and joy. But before she left her dressing room, she took the mirror and asked:

"Thou magic mirror hear me call:

Say, who is the prettiest of all?"

The mirror presently answered, "Snowwhite, Snowwhite, Snowwhite!"

"How is that possible? Where does she live?"—question the frightened queen.

The mirror replied: "deep in the forest in the hut with the dwarfs!"

Frantic with rage, the queen attended the feast, determined to murder Snowwhite the next day.

Therefore, the next day she drove to the forest, disguised as an old woman. When not far from the hut, she alighted, and trusting to Snowwhite's good-heartedness, passed it by, bent down as if by age and infirmity, and sank down as if fatigued, a few paces from the hut, upon the grass.

T A L E S.

PETER CHANCERY, ESQ. AND HIS FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

Showing the blessings that may follow the settlement of the smallest account.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this little bill to-day," said for the tenth time a half grown boy in a dirty jacket to a lawyer in his office.

The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had been some newly discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, thrust his inky fingers first into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle, and completed his stare at the boy's face.

"Ho, ha, hum! that bill, eh?" and the legal young gentleman extended the tips of his fingers towards the well-worn bit of paper, and daintily opening it, looked at its contents.

"Hum! for capping and heel-tapping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and sixpence, and other sundries, eh! So your master wants me to settle this little bill eh?" repeated the man of briefs.

"Yes sir, this is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty and call it a half a day."

"You're an impudent boy."

"I's always impudent to lawyers, coz I can't help it—it's catchin'."

"You've got your eye-teeth cut I see."

"That's what boss sent me for instead o' the other 'prentices as was gettin' their teeth cut. I cut mine at nine months old with a handsaw. Boss says if you don't pay that bill he'll sue you!"

"Sue me! I'm a lawyer!"

"It's no matter for that! Lawyer or no lawyer, boss declares he'll do it—so fork over!"

"Declares he'll sue me!"

"As true as there is another lawyer in Fildelfy."

"That would be bad!"

"Wouldn't it?"

"Silence, you vagabond; I suppose I must pay this," muttered the attorney to himself. "It's not my plan to pay these small bills? He'll sue me! 'Tis just five dollars! It comes hard and he don't want the money! His boy could have earned it, in the time he has been sending him to me to dun for it. So your master will sue me for it if I don't pay?"

"He says he will do it, and charge you a new pair of o'shoes for me."

"Harkee. I can't pay to-day; and so if your boss will sue, just be so kind as to ask him to employ me as his attorney."

"You?"

"Yes; I'll issue the writ have it served and then you see I shall put the costs into my own pocket instead of seeing them go into another lawyer's. So you see if I have to pay the bill I'll make the costs. Capital idea!"

The boy scratched his head awhile to comprehend this "capital idea," and then shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know about this, it looks tricky. I'll ask boss, though, if as how you won't pay it no how without being sued."

"I'd rather be sued, if he'll employ me boy."

"But who's to pay the costs—the boss?"

The lawyer looked all at once very serious, and gave another of those long whistles peculiar to him.

"Well, I am a sensible man, truly! My anxiety to get the costs of suit blinded me to the fact that

Snowwhite thought of the warning of the dwarfs, but her compassion for the poor old woman, prevailed over every other feeling.

She hastily left the hut and stepped towards the woman to assist her.

"I thank you, dear child, for your good will, although I am not in want of it," said the false queen, assuming a friendly tone; "I am a powerful fairy and will reward you for your good will."

At this she took a glittering necklace from her pocket, and fastened it round Snowwhite's neck, but so tight that forthwith the breath failed her, and she swooned away. When the queen saw this, she exclaimed: "Well, this time she cannot be restored to life," and returned home quite delighted.

Fortunately the good dwarfs returned from their work soon after the queen had withdrawn. They found Snowwhite swooning and immediately tore off the necklace, whereupon she again awoke to life.

Now that Snowwhite was revived, the dwarfs were happy, but they were also angry because she had not obeyed better. They reproved her, and she had to promise in future neither to go to the door, nor to allow any body to come in while the dwarfs were absent.

Snowwhite promised, and could easily keep her word as nobody appeared.

Thus good Snowwhite passed away—her cruel step-mother was so certain of having killed her, that she did not think it necessary to ask the mirror. She adorned herself, and did not trouble her mind much with the thought of having deprived Snowwhite of her life.

The princess also in time, forgot that already twice her life was in danger, and longed occasionally to walk, even alone, in the garden or the woods.

Once, for want of pastime, the queen thought of it, to asked her mirror,

"Thou magic mirror hear me call:

Say, who is the prettiest of all?"

Who can describe the rage of the queen, when the mirror replied: "Snowwhite, Snowwhite, Snowwhite!" "Why, does this abominable girl intend to live for ever and ever!" cried the queen in a passion; "but this time I shall and must destroy her, even if I am obliged to wring off her neck with my own hands."

One beautiful autumn morning, Snowwhite sat by the window of the hut, and strewed food for several birds, when a country-woman approached the hut, and said, friendly greeting, to Snowwhite, "Well, dear child, would you like to buy some of these pretty apples which I have here in the basket?"

"No!" replied Snowwhite; "I dare not leave the hut, nor allow anybody to come in."

"Very strange," answered the bad queen, for nobody else but she, was the country-woman—"but as you like; yet, I am so much pleased with you, that I will make you a present of an apple. You shall have the best with the reddest cheeks!"

She picked out the best apple and gave it to Snowwhite, who took it with many thanks and ate it.

The apple was poisoned, and good Snowwhite, in attempting to swallow it, fell senseless.

This time the queen hoped Snowwhite had closed her eyes for ever, and left the forest much pleased.

The dwarfs came home to eat their dinner, and found Snowwhite dead. All their endeavors to bring her to life again, proved fruitless. Snowwhite was and remained dead.

They wept and cried in perfect despair. "Poor

Snowwhite," they exclaimed, "if we had not left you alone, perhaps you would be alive yet. It is but too probable that your base step-mother has murdered you; alas! we poor dwarfs, now we are alone again; we no longer have our dear, beautiful Snowwhite."

The dwarfs dressed her with a beautiful silk dress, adorned her with flowers and precious stones, and put her in a coffin made of glass, which they placed in the garden amongst the shadiest trees.

Meanwhile the bad queen ask the magic mirror.

"Thou magic mirror, hear me call:

Say, who is the prettiest of all?"

and the magic mirror replied this time to her great joy: "You, you, you?"

Two days already Snowwhite lay in the coffin, and she yet looked as beautiful as if she only slept; so that the dwarfs found it almost impossible to part from her. They continually stood around the coffin and lamented; sometimes they sang songs of mourning and strewed flowers over her.

On the third day, just as they were about to go to the garden, they perceived at a little distance a splendid chariot, drawn by six milk white horses. An outrider alighted before the hut, and asked the dwarfs, if his master, the prince of Fanfaret, who was approaching, could rest for an hour at their hut.

The dwarfs told the servant they would be proud of the honor to receive the prince, and presently the chariot drove up, and a young beautiful prince alighted, followed by the household.

"Why are you so melancholy?" asked the prince kindly.

"Alas!" sighed the dwarfs, "our darling, our Snowwhite is dead!" With this they showed him the corpse, and the prince was so much enraptured with the beauty, which had resisted even death, that he knelt down near the coffin, and wept bitterly. Then he rose and followed the dwarfs to the hut.

Meanwhile the cook of the prince had taken possession of the small kitchen of the dwarfs, to prepare dinner for the prince. Hearing of Snowwhite, he ran, with a ladle in his hand to the garden, to see her. By some accident the ladle slipped from his fingers and fell upon Snowwhite's right cheek, and—Snowwhite opened her right eye! The cook instantly clapped her on her left cheek, and she opened the other eye also.

The dwarfs full of delight and rejoicing, hastened to Snowwhite; and the apple, which had stuck in her throat, fortunately came out through the mouth, and she breathed again.

The prince, now perceiving her still handsomer than before, asked her to become his wife, to which she immediately consented. He took her with him, and Snowwhite, who thanked the dwarfs a thousand times, promised to visit them every year, and kept her word.

Her nuptials were most splendidly celebrated. Queen Eitel also was invited, and there, compelled, although good Snowwhite interceded for her, to dance in shoes of red-hot iron.

Snowwhite and her consort lived happily for many, many years.

THE editor of "The Oasis," asks the following question. "Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?" "We never did," says an exchange, "but one, and he turned out to be an old Bachelor."

they were to come out of my own pockets before they could be safely put into the other pocket! Ah well my boy I suppose I must pay. Here is a five dollar bill. Is it receipted—it is so dirty and greasy I can't see?"

"It was nice and clean when boss gin' it to me and the writing shined like Knapp's blackin'—it's torn so of dumin' so much."

"Well, here's your money," said the man of-law, taking a solitary five dollar note from his watch fob; "now tell your master, Mr. Last, that if he has any other accounts he wants sued I'll attend to 'em with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank'ee, sir," answered the boy, pocketing his five, "but you is the only regular dumin' customer boss has, and now you've paid up, he han't none but cash folks. Good day to you."

"Now there goes a five dollar note that will do that fellow Last no good. I am in want of it but he is not. It is a five thrown away. It wouldn't have left my pocket but that I was sure that his patience was worn out, and costs would come of it. I like to take costs, but I don't think that a lawyer has any thing to do with paying them."

As Peter Chancery, Esq. did not believe in his own mind that paying his debt to Mr. Last was to be any benefit to him, and was of opinion that it was money thrown away, let us follow the fate of this five dollar bill through the day.

"He has paid," said the boy placing the five dollar bill into his master's hand.

"Well I'm glad of it," answered Mr. Last, surveying the bank note through his glasses, "and it's a current bill too.—Now run and pay Mr. Furnace the five dollars I borrowed from him yesterday, and said I would return it to-morrow.—But I'll pay it now."

"Ah my lad, just in time," said Furnace as the boy delivered his errand and the note. "I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill which is due to-day. Here John, he called to one of his apprentices, put on your hat and take this to Captain O'Brien, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in I didn't expect."

Captain O'Brien was on board of his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman with a hat in his hand, looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

"I'm sorry, my man, I can't pay you—but I have just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pockets to jingle but keys and old nails."

"But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is ailing, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I got several articles to the store expecting to get money of you to take 'em up as I went along home. We han't in the house no flour, nor tea, nor—"

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry. You must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I sell my coat off my back, or pawn the schooner's keel. No body pays me."

The sailor, who had come to get an advance of wages, turned away sorrowfully, when the apprentice boy came up and said, in his hearing:

"Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day he didn't expect some money that came in after you left his shop."

"Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take

this five dollar bill and come on Saturday and get the balance of your wages."

The seamen, with a joyful bound took the bill, and touching his hat, sprung with a light heart on shore and hastened to the store where he had already selected the comforts and necessities his family stood so much in need of.

As he entered a poor woman was trying to prevail upon the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.

"You had best take it out of the store," Mrs. Cornway, he said to her, "really I have not taken half the amount of your bill to-day, and don't expect to. I have to charge every thing, and no money comes in."

"I can't do without it," answered the woman earnestly; "my daughter is very ill, and in want of every comfort; I am out of firewood, and indeed, I want many things which I have depended on this money to get. I worked night and day to get your shirts done."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Cornway," said the store-keeper, looking into his money drawer; "I have not five shillings here, and your bill is five dollars and nine pence."

The poor woman thought of her invalid child and wrung her hands.

"A sailor was here a while ago and selected full five dollars worth of articles here on the counter and went away to get his wages to pay for them, but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays me for them, you shall have your money, madam."

At this instant Jack made his appearance in the door.

"Well, ship-mate," he cried, in a tone much more elevated than when he was discovered speaking with the captain; "well, my hearty hand over my freight, I've got the document, so give us possession!" and displaying his five dollar note, he laid hold of the purchases.

The store-keeper, examining and seeing that the note was a good one, bade him take them with him, and then sighing as he took another and last look at the bill, he handed it to the poor widow; who, with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store.

In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost destitution. On a cot-bed near, lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened and a man in coarse patched garments entered with a wood saw and a cross, and laid them down by the door-side and approached the bed.

"Are you any better dear?" he asked in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones.

"No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I could regain my strength."

The man gazed upon her pale face a moment and again taking his saw and cross, went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him and said she wished him to follow her and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode little better than his own for its poverty; yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, for which he received six shillings, with which he hastened to a store for necessities for his sick wife, and then hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he

had provided. Till now he had had no work for four days, and his family had been starving, and from this day his wife got better and was at length restored to her family and to health, from a state of weakness which another day's continuance would have probably proved fatal.

These six shillings, which did so much good, were paid him by the poor woman, from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and which the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter also was revived, and ultimately restored to health, and was lately married to a young man who had been three years absent and returned true to his troth. But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in her recovery, he might have returned to be told that she whose memory had so long been the polar star of his heart, had perished.

So much good did the five dollar bill do which Peter Chancery, Esq. so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this legal gentleman for the results that followed. It is thus that Providence often makes bad men instruments of good to others. Let this little story lead those who think a "small bill" can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five dollar bill has done in one single day—and that in paying one bill they may be paying a *series* of twenty bills, and dispensing good to hundreds around them.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

PASSIONS STIMULATE THE SOUL.

To obtain a knowledge of the mind of man, has been the study of the philosopher and poet of every age. To trace its mysterious wanderings and explore its hidden depths, has called forth the brightest intellect and the energies of the noblest minds. Though the curtain that contains it, has been partially penetrated, yet its dark and inmost recess, is as yet a mystery which man, though a noble and exalted being, can never explore. Although the mind is wrapped in mystery, and from him, is hid its mysterious workings, and the formation of its existence; yet to trace the conduct and character of man, through every age; it is by those means ascertained that the passions are the most prominent features that impel the mind to action, and that fill its capacity with endless desires. For it is passion that stimulates the soul to the performance of noble deeds; deeds that speak loudly of his gigantic intellect, and his noble and aspiring mind. It is passion that awakens in the breast of the exile all the fond endearments of home. And it is likewise passion that kindled the fires of genius and patriotism in the breasts of the departed heroes of our country, which resulted in framing the brightest and noblest specimen of human production: the fabric of our republic, the brilliant splendor which now emanates from it, is but a feeble ray of its pure and fadeless glory. If passions do not actuate the soul, why is it that the patriot has left friends, home, and above all, the endearments of social life; those upon which the mind fondly lingers in recollections of the past, those around which the heart entwines with love and friendship, as he cherishes in his mind the scenes of that loved and ever to be remembered spot; and inscribes upon his memory, the endearing associations, that ever cluster round such sacred and hallowed scenes; why is it I say, that he leaves these and rushes fearlessly

into the field of battle, to rescue his beloved country from destruction? Why is it that the martyr, allows the tyrant to bind him to the stake, and kindle the flame of death around him, there offering his life a sacrifice upon the shrine of innocence? Or why is it that the criminal, escaping the claims of justice, has, in his last and agonizing hour, as his immortal spirit was about to ascend to its final Judge, been compelled through the gnawings of conscience, to confess to the world his deeds of horror, which blacken his life, and stain his character with infamy and crime? From these examples, we cannot but conclude, that passions actuate the soul. Stimulated by these congenial fires, man aspires to noble and lofty deeds. It is through these that science has arrived at that lofty and stupendous eminence. Indebted to these is genius, for her wonderful and exalted works; for she would have forever slumbered, in the dark recess of the bosom of man, had not her energies been awakened and called forth from their hidden retreat, to speak of his gigantic intellect, and the nobleness of his mind. But alas, it is likewise passion that arouses from its slumber, all the deadening and destroying principles of his nature; which when aroused, kindles within his breast an unhallowed flame, and when these vile and polluted fires are rekindled, then is it, that he loses possession of his mind, and violates his noblest principles; sunders the most sacred ties that bind him to his Creator and his fellow man; and sacrifices all the pure and hallowed emotions, that naturally pervades his breast; and regardless of himself, plunges into that abyss, where in an unguarded moment, he commits an act, for which he is compelled to end his days either by an ignominious death, or in the confines of a gloomy cell; thus causing injured Justice to mourn over his misguided ways, and humanity, to weep many a bitter tear of regret over the grave of the departed one. But when reason sits enthroned upon the heart, subjecting all to its sway; then is it that the passions kindle a congenial flame; and this scene which so deforms the fairest features of man and poisons the only source of earthly bliss is then removed, and in its place is called into action, that sacred and inner inhabitant, which reigns alike in every breast. It is then that passion arouses within the breast of man, all those noble and exalted principles with which the Creator endowd him; and when they kindle a sacred and devoted fire, then is it that the soft and gentle whisperings of conscience awakens in his breast, all the tender sympathies of his nature, and rouses to action all the finer feelings of humanity. The pure and sacred emotions that then pervade his breast tend to call forth, although in fallen man, all those tints of faded loveliness, which when pure and unfaded, must have thrown around him a halo of glory, when in a state of innocence. While we consider the endearing qualities of which man is now possessed, and that lofty and stupendous height from which he fell, our minds cannot but glow with admiration at the thought of, with what pure and fadeless glory he must have been surrounded, while in that blissful Paradise.

B. N. C.

Ballston Centre, March, 1844.

It fares with us in human life, says Seneca, as in a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages.



BIOGRAPHY.

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

HORATIO, LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, an illustrious English seaman. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, and was born 29th September 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his father was rector. At the age of twelve, when the nation was threatened with war, he entered on board the *Raisonable* of sixty-four guns, under his maternal uncle captain Maurice Suckling. Soon after that ship was put out of commission, and the young seaman went to the West Indies, in the merchants' service, but again joined his uncle on board the *Triumph*, and in 1773 was permitted to accompany the expedition which was sent under the command of captains Phipps and Lutwidge on a voyage of discovery to the North pole. He rose to the rank of lieutenant in April 1777. In June 1779 he obtained under admiral Peter Parker the appointment of post captain, and the command of the *Hinchinbroke*, and when an attack was expected in Jamaica from the French forces under D'Estaing, the youthful hero was intrusted with the care of the batteries of Port Royal, and the defence of Kingston and Spanish Town. The next ship which he commanded was the *Janus*, of forty-four guns, and soon after he was removed to the *Albemarle*, and continued on the American station with Sir Samuel Hood till the peace. In 1783 he visited France, and the next year he was appointed to the *Boreas* of twenty-eight guns, at the Leeward islands, and during his continuance in this station he married, March 1787, Frances Herbert Nesbit, widow of Dr. Nesbit, of Nevis. He returned to England, November 1787, and retired to Burnham Thorpe, in the bosom of domestic happiness, till 1793, when the war with France called upon him for the exertion of his great talents. He obtained the command of the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns, and joined Lord Hood in the Mediterranean, where he assisted at the taking of Toulon, and at the siege of Bastia, in which he superintended the disembarkation of

the troops, and ably commanded the batteries. He afterwards had a gallant encounter with five French ships of war, and then supported the siege of Calvi, where he lost the sight of his right eye. Under the next commander, Lord Hotham, he continued to distinguish himself, particularly in the engagements with the French fleet, 15th March and July, 1795, and in the blockade of Genoa. When admiral Jervis succeeded in the Mediterranean command, the brave hero removed from the *Agamemnon* to Captain, of seventy-four guns, and soon after obtained a commodore's pendant, and was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, and the taking of Porto Ferrajo. On his passage to Gibraltar, in the *Minerva* frigate, he fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which, the *Sabine*, of forty guns, he took, and sailing immediately to join admiral Jervis, he was pursued by two ships of the Spanish fleet, a circumstance which was quickly communicated to the commander-in-chief, and in a few hours produced a general action. In this memorable fight, on the 14th February 1797, in which fifteen English ships defeated a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships, and took four three deckers, the commodore behaved with his usual gallantry. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, he was created knight of the Bath, and in April 1797, he was made rear admiral of the blue, and appointed to the command of the inner squadron in the blockade of Cadiz. After making some vigorous, but unsuccessful attacks on the town, he was sent by Lord St. Vincent, to take the town of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, but though he obtained possession of the place for seven hours, he was unable to reduce the citadel, and therefore was permitted to retire unmolested to his fleet. During this desperate attack he lost his right hand, which was shattered by a shot. In consequence of his wound, the gallant admiral received a pension of £1000. Among other marks of public favor, he received the freedom of the city of London in a gold box, worth one hundred guineas; but these honors excited him to greater exertions, and he soon after joined in the *Vanguard*, Lord St. Vincent, and was sent up the Mediterra-

nean to watch the motions of the French ships, which were ready to convey Bonaparte to the invasion of Egypt. Notwithstanding his vigilance, the fleet escaped, but he sailed in its pursuit, and after returning from the Egyptian shores to Sicily, almost in despair, he again hastened to the mouth of the Nile, and to the general joy of his fleet, perceived the enemy moored in an advantageous situation in the bay of Aboukir, flanked by strong batteries, and supported by gun boats. The attack immediately began, and by a bold manœuvre on an unknown shore, part of his ships sailed between the enemy and the land, and thus exposed them to a double fire. The action continued with increasing violence during the night, and the sudden explosion of the French admiral's ship, the *l'Orient*, of one hundred and twenty guns, added to the terrors of the scene. Of the whole fleet, only two men of war, and two frigates were able to escape. The fame of this victory, which thus captured or destroyed eleven sail of the line, was received with general exultation by the people of England. In the mean time these services did not pass unrewarded; the brave admiral was created a baron, by the title of Nelson of the Nile, with the grant of a pension of £2000 pounds more; the sultan honored him with an aigrette, or plume of diamonds, and pelisse, and the king of Naples conferred on him a valuable estate in Sicily, with the title of Duke of Bronte. Soon after his return home, where he was received with enthusiastic joy by every rank of society, Lord Nelson was called away to break that confederacy which the capricious politics of the emperor of Russia had formed with Denmark and Sweden against his country. In consequence of this, the gallant admiral embarked as second in command, under Sir Hyde Parker, and after passing through the Sound, in defiance of the batteries, he volunteered to make an attack on Copenhagen, 2d April, 1801. After a most vigorous defence, the Danes saw their strong batteries silenced, and seventeen of their men of war either sunk, burnt, or taken. A conference with the crown prince immediately succeeded this glorious victory, and after peace was restored by the heroic admiral, between the two countries, the fleet sailed to complete its triumph over the hostile squadrons of Sweden and Russia; but the sudden death of the emperor Paul rendered further exertions unnecessary. For these services, which were chiefly attributed to him, and not to the commander-in-chief, Lord Nelson was created a viscount, and his honors made hereditary in his family, even in the female line. In August, 1801, he made an unsuccessful attack on Boulogne, but the negotiations for peace prevented the destruction of the armament in that harbor, which his ardent mind would, no doubt, have accomplished. The short-lived peace of Amiens restored him, for a little time, to retirement; but on the recommencement of hostilities, in 1803, he was summoned from his beloved retreat at Merton, to take the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding his active vigilance, the French fleet escaped from Toulon, and from the Mediterranean, and after being joined by the Cadiz squadron, they sailed up to the West Indies, but he pursued them with rapidity, and nearly came up to them near Antigua. Such, however, was the terror of his name, that they returned in consternation, back to Europe, and before their entrance into Cadiz, had a partial action, near Ferrol, with Sir Robert Calder. Thus baffled in his attempts to overtake

his terrified enemy, Lord Nelson returned to England for the re-establishment of his health, but in a few weeks he was again prevailed upon to take the command of the fleet with very unlimited powers. On the 19th of October, 1805, Villeneuve, with the French fleet, and Gravina with the Spanish, sailed from Cadiz, and on the 21st, about noon, the English squadron had the satisfaction to close with them off Cape Trafalgar. The carnage on both sides was dreadful, and the heroic chief, unfortunately not covering the star, and other insignia, which he wore on his person, became a marked object to the musketeers who were placed in the tops of the enemy's ships. A musket ball, from one of the riflemen of the *Bucentaur*, struck him in the left breast, and in about two hours after, he expired in the arms of victory. Of the thirty-three ships of the line in the combined fleet, which thus engaged the inferior number of twenty-seven English ships, sixteen were destroyed, four were carried away to Gibraltar, six escaped into Cadiz, mere wrecks, and four which retired from the action, were thirteen days after, captured by Sir R. Strachan's squadron. As a professional character, Lord Nelson possessed a mighty genius, an ardent spirit, and a resolute mind; cool, prompt, and discerning in the midst of dangers, he roused all his powerful energies into action, and the strong faculties of his soul were vigilantly exerted in the midst of the fury of battle, to make every accident contribute to the triumph of his crew, and to the glory of his country. So highly established was his reputation, that his presence was a talisman to the courage of his sailors, who fought under him as sure of victory, and regarded his approbation as the best solace for their fatigues and their sufferings. In his manners he was polished and gentle; he was no stranger to the mild charities of human nature, and in his heart he felt all the emotions of a devout and pious christian. His despatches from Aboukir, in which he attributed his success to the interference of Providence, excited sentiments of respect and admiration through the nation, and it was on that memorable occasion, that his venerable father exclaimed, "Oh, my great and good son!"

MISCELLANY.

A gold medal was awarded to the fair authoress of the following beautiful Essay, as the best Prose Composition, by the Albany Female Academy, at their last annual examination.

THE TIME TO DIE.

BY MISS MARTHA A. WISWALL, OF ALBANY.

It was winter. Before a cheerful fire sat an aged man in lonely meditation. The curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, casting an air of comfort over the room, and excluding the piercing cold.—Yet a tremor passed over the frame of the old man, as the storm without fell upon his ear. "I am thankful I have a shelter on such a night as this," said he, drawing his easy chair nearer to the fire: "Wo to the wretch who roams abroad in such a storm!" then musing for some time, he began pacing the room, and ever and anon pausing in deep thought, which at length found expression: "Death is a fearful thing to contemplate at any time, but in such a season as this methinks I would struggle hard for life. To be placed deep in the cold and frozen earth, no! she herself seems to strive to prevent the act, and winds her robe of snow over her strong breast to prevent admittance within her bosom. When I die, may it be in the

bright and joyous spring-time, when all nature is fresh and gay. But hark! surely I did not hear a knock, for who would venture out on such a night?" and opening the door, he saw before him a young girl, who begged for shelter in accents to excite pity in the hardest heart. The appeal was enough for the kind-hearted old man; and drawing her within the room, he gave her a seat near the fire, and tried to revive her drooping frame.—After she had so far recovered as to answer his inquiries, she told him she was a lonely creature, with no friend in the world; she had roamed about from place to place, living upon charity; she had never known father or mother, or relative.

The old man, still dwelling upon the subject which had for some time occupied him, asked her if Death would not be welcome to her, as she had nothing for which to live, and no one who cared for her; would she not be willing to die and be at rest?

"Oh! ask me not to give up life, it is sometimes bright and joyous. In the lovely summer the flowers are my friends, and the birds speak to me from the trees; and the bee winds his tiny horn for me, and then I wandered forth in the green woods, and life is all sweetness. Oh, no! 'youth is no time to die.'"

Years rolled on; the spring appeared glad and bright; the birds rejoiced on every bough, and all nature smiled to welcome the blithe goddess spring. But the old man had found new ties to bind him to the earth; the houseless wanderer was now as a daughter to him; his interest in her was too strong a bond to be easily broken. It was as hard to leave the world now as in the cold and dreary winter; age seemed but to strengthen the love of life, although youth was withered, and nature dying, yet "life! only life was his desire."

Spring passed, and summer, with its mild and balmy air visited the earth: the maiden smiled in very gladness of heart, and the old man rejoiced in her happiness, for she threw joy and bliss around; her happy laugh rung upon his ear in wild and merry peals as she watched the flight of the gay butterfly, and her sweet song arose upon the air as she tended her birds and watched the opening of each bud to the light. Time flew swiftly by, yet the old man and the maiden were as fondly attached to earth as in its spring time. Death gained new horrors as the seasons advanced; their summer path was strewn with flowers. "It was no time to die."

Autumn with its purple grape and downy peach, and pleasant nutting time, took the place of summer, and brought with it the lightness and joyousness of cool air and freedom from oppressive heat; the little maiden tripped through the dry leaves, and chased the squirrel with almost its own swiftness; then throwing back her sunny curls, she bounded to the side of the old man, as he sat under the vines at his door, making glad his eyes with her bright and happy face, and his heart grew young again in her lightsome, joyous mirth; both little thought of Death. The earth had clothed herself in a robe of brown and dry leaves, and hid herself from the eye of man; she seemed not to wish for human company in this her time of change.

Winter again returned; again we see the old man sitting in his easy chair before the bright and glowing fire; but he is not the solitary being he was years before, for beside him is one in the first blush of youth and grace, she is no longer the gay and noisy child; she is no less lovely, no less

happy; but a deeper shade of thought steals over her face, and a heavenly radiance sits upon her features as she bends over the book from which in accents of deep reverence she reads the word of God to the old man. What think they now of Death? The faces of both look more resigned; the Holy Spirit sheds its light upon the way which leadeth to the grave; it no longer seems dark and lonely. The old man has received the heavenly guest into a heart which had always been the residence of kindness and charity. The maiden now drooped daily, but she no longer thought it hard to give up life; and when the cold blast swept over the earth, and the robe of snow again enveloped it, with robes no less white she was received into its bosom. Then I asked the old man, "When is the time to die?"

"A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spoke the language of his soul—
'My Master's time is mine!'"

TRIFLES.

Things are small and large by comparison, all things being thus both large and small; the point of a cambric needle is large to the thousands of an imaculæ which may gambol over its rough surface, while our earth is small compared with the planet Jupiter, and our system, sun, planets, satellites and comets truly insignificant as a portion of the vast universe, as all we see, may be as nothing to the vast, perhaps the infinite unseen. To the philosopher, nothing is small, nothing mean, nothing unimportant. He knows no such thing as a trifle, for he sees infinite wisdom and power shown as fully in painting the gorgeous wing of the butterfly as in the arrangement of the magnificent landscape to which it forms a gaudy accessory. In human affairs, we often characterize as trifles, things of a really high importance. For example, what can be more trifling than a pin; yet that little article employs thousands in its manufacture, goes through more than one hundred processes in formation, commencing with the metallic ores which compose it, up to its final sale and use, and it is every day a comfort to millions of the human race. How often has a little pin saved one agonies of shame? How often has the want of one been felt as more than the value of a thousand? We need not censure men for spending their time or their talents on what your high-flown egotists choose to call trifles. We can even suppose that the writer who reforms a point of etiquette, or some vagary of fashion, who corrects the public taste on things of every day importance, is of more real benefit than he who writes a great poem, or makes a fine political oration.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE ODD FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

This week for the first time in our lives, we witnessed an Odd Fellow's Funeral procession. We have seen them in procession when celebrating some anniversary; and although we admired their order and their appearance, and as we thought, fully appreciated the noble purposes for which their society was instituted, yet we were never so forcibly struck with the meaning of their motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth," as we were on the day which called them forth to pay the last token of friendship, the last assurance of love, and the final declaration of fidelity to a deceased brother.

We know nothing of the order except that which the world is permitted to know, and that is sufficient to satisfy us that there are no hollow pretensions, but all is firm reality. The subject of their late mournful meeting was one which must have worn out any friendship unconnected with the ties of consanguinity or friendship similar to that of Odd Fellowship. The illness of their late brother was one of long duration, requiring close attention and great care; and although natural relatives were ever ready and ever willing to bestow the least acts of kindness yet the Order was ever ready to smooth the pillow, or aid in any way, the brother who had been laid upon a bed of sickness and death.

It was not possible in the case of which we are speaking for Odd Fellowship to present itself in all its beauties. Here friends and relatives were present, ever ready to attend to the wants of the invalid during sickness, or after death to have the remains decently deposited in the cold grave. Not so with the unfortunate being who is stricken with the hand of death in a strange land. Cold neglect may bring death when care or some slight brotherly kindness would banish it at least for a time; a rough box may contain the remains of a worthy brother, a parent or a son; and in some lonely spot, unmarked, and soon forgotten by those who placed it there, the body of one who was dear to his friends and to home, may crumble to dust. But the Fraternity suffers no such neglect. Every want is attended to, even though nothing more is known than that he is a brother; and if death comes, friends and relations could not have paid more respect to the remains of the deceased, than those who surrounded him. "Friendship, Love and Truth," direct them to do the last honors in this world; and when they have silently placed him in the tomb, they leave with their best and greatest hope, "In God we trust."—*Rising Sun Blade.*

LOVE OF HOME.

The Irish are often ridiculed, or contemned, for vaunting the comfortable homes they have left behind them. "The Almighty knows," they say, "what we've come here for, we were a dale better off at home!" This is false in word, but true in feeling. Their earnest affections take possession of their memories, and efface all but that which made the happiness of their birth-place, and childhood's home. There, in perpetual freshness, are the joys of youth; the associations of song and story are there; there, in golden light, all the bright passages of life—its pleasant acquaintanceships, and sparkling incidents. And there, those ministers of suffering, trial, superstition, even death itself, have their root of sorrow plucked out, and become ministering angels, messengers from another world! Who ever looked back upon home, through the vista of time, or the wide spaces of distance, and saw any thing but light and beauty there? Surely, then, the poor Irish may be pardoned the hallucinations of their final love.

WESLEY ON DRESS.

MR. WESLEY was a great admirer of plainness of dress, especially in women. Being invited to dine at a gentleman's house, there were two ladies belonging to the family, who had dressed themselves in the most fashionable manner, to do honor, as they thought, to Mr. Wesley. While at dinner he noticed the young ladies and their dress, and at

the same time took particular notice of the servant maid's dress who waited at the table, which was very plain—"I cannot," said he, "but admire the dress of your servant; I think I have never seen a young woman so neatly dressed; of all that I have seen for some time, I admire it the most." Thus the mother of the young ladies, as well as themselves, stood reproved by Mr. Wesley's commendation of their servant's dress.

A SIMILE.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation so, passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

THREE MODES OF LIVING.—He who lives within his means, is daily growing rich; he who lives beyond his means, is constantly running down the hill to poverty; and he who lives without means, is a robber of others' earnings.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

W. W. C. Stowe, Vt. \$1.00; V. S. Smithville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Northville, Mich. \$1.00; B. B. G. Red Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. K. Claridon, O. \$1.00; C. E. Columbus, Mich. \$1.00; L. S. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. Wendell Centre, Ma. \$1.00; T. D. Jackson, Mich. \$1.00; C. M'D. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; A. J. K. Bellevue, O. \$1.00; P. M. Elyria, O. \$1.00; T. G. West Arlington, Vt. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. Lemuel Holmes, to Miss Lucy Jane Hallenbeck, all of this city.

At New Lebanon, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Mr. Belden Weed, to Miss Rachel Cherevoy, both of New Lebanon.

At New Lebanon Spa, on the 4th inst. by the same, Jabez Babcock, Esq. of Upper Canada, to Miss Lavilla Jenks, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 11th inst. Henry Best, aged 35 years. On the 17th inst. Miss Eliza Barney, aged 46 years.

At Greenport, on the 17th inst. Peter Vanderburgh, Esq. one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of this place, in the 82d year of his age.

At Livingston, on the 7th inst. Mary Frances, daughter of Rensselaer Livingston, aged 12 years and 6 months.

On the 5th ult. at the residence of her father, Dennis Belding, Esq. Brunswick, Mrs. Eunice Ann, wife of Duncan B. Finch, aged 22 years.

"Death is swallowed up in victory." A large circle of friends and relatives are by this dispensation of God's Providence, called upon to mourn the loss of one dear to the former by the ties of nature, and to both by those cords of affection which rise unbidden in the soul, and form connecting links to whose influence we love to yield. The period of her illness was protracted to an unusual extent. She submitted patiently and with Christian resignation to those pains which always accompany a diseased frame until at length having performed the work given her to do, and "worked out her salvation with fear and trembling," the immortal spirit took its flight to join that happy throng "who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," where we trust she is now tuning her golden harp to those celestial notes which fill the visit of Heaven with redeeming grace and dying love.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

I SIGH FOR MY NATIVE HILLS!

BY A. A. FORBES.

Ah! who can tell the misery,
The heartfelt agonizing grief of him,
Who, from his native land is driven out,
By the despotic hand of Tyranny,
And in far, distant climes is doomed to spend
Long dreary years of hopeless servitude,
Without a friend to cheer his solitude,
Or to his broken heart, administer
The balm—the cheering balm of Sympathy,
Or pour the oil of Hope into his wounds?

Upon an island in the southern main,
Far from the green hills of his native land,
And the loved cottage by the murmuring stream,
Where the bright morn of his existence passed
Without a cloud, in happiness and peace,
An exile was confined for some offence
Against a tyrant's arbitrary laws.

Alone he stood upon a rocky steep,
That overlooked the deep and boundless sea,
And gazed with eager eye o'er its blue waves;
Thinking perchance, (vain thought!) that he might catch

Some glimpse of that loved land far o'er the main.
With pain he watched the seabird's daring flight,
And wished for their untiring wings, that he,
O'er the bright waters of the deep might soar,
And wing his way from that lone desert isle.

Long—long he watched until the sun went down,
And hid his splendor in the western wave:
Till the bright stars shone out, from the blue vault
Above: then turned away and wept.

Sad was his song, and rock and hill and main,
In mournful accents echoed back the strain.

I sigh for my native hills,
Whose summits reach the sky,
For the roar of the dashing rills,
As they rush in their gladness by;
For the forest's quiet shade,
Where the birds their carols sung,
And I and my young companions played,
While the woods with our voices rung.

I pine in a distant land
Far—far from my native shore,
Amidst an exile band—
I shall see those scenes no more:
Yet in visions of the night,
When on my couch I lay,
My unchained spirit takes its flight
O'er the blue waves away.

Once more before me lie
The scenes of my early days,
And to my Fancy's eye,
To my spirits ardent gaze;
As beautiful they seem,
As when in the days of old,
My youth passed by like a pleasant dream,
Or a "story quickly told."

The friends of those happy hours,
I seem to behold them there,
Like birds amidst spring's brightest flowers,
And free as their mountain air.
I grasp the extended hand
Of the friend most dear to me,
And my spirit roams thro' my native land,
And exults in its liberty!

I climb the mountain's side!
I rest in the woodland's shade!
I roam by the foaming tide,
Where in childhood's hours I strayed!
I wake! the dream is o'er
The beautiful vision's flown,
I'm an exile still on this distant shore
Upstirred and unknown.

I sigh for my native hills,
Whose summits reach the sky,
For the roar of the dashing rills,
As they rush in their wildness by:
I shall see those hills no more
Where the pine and the fir tree wave,
For I'm doomed to die on this distant shore,
And sleep in an exile's grave!

Hinesburgh, Vt. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

TO R. A. L****S.

On hearing an expression of sadness, when retiring to rest.

MAY sweetest sleep your eyelids close,
And pleasant dreams your mind compose,
As you retire to rest.
The cares of life, oh! let them fly,
And petty strifes, forever die;
Think naught but to be blessed.

How sweet will be that holy hour,
When cares have neither place, nor power,
To chafe the weary mind.
May sleep a heaven on earth produce,
And fill thy heart with love and truth—
All bliss a soul may find.

Weary of life, we oft would fly
Away from self, we know not why,
For anguish presses deep;
But calm yourself in sweet repose,
Fling to the winds thy cares and woes;
Refresh thyself in sleep.

Hudson, March, 1844.

CORNELIUS.

THE DISASTER

On board the Princeton.

THE morning sun shone brightly
In an unclouded sky,
And lovely forms and faces fair
Were passing gayly by,
And words of gladness and of joy
Rose on the zephyrs mild,
From aged sire, and dancing youth,
From matron, maid and child.
Hail! country of our Nation's joy!
Land of our benefactor's birth!
High rose the patriotic song,
And high the shout of gleeful mirth.

Soon to the smiling river,
A joyous band was borne,
And fraught with beauty and with grace
The fated bark moved on.
Then passed the merry toast around,
Where groined the board beneath its cheer,
Then rang the merry burst of joy,
Like music falling on the ear.
O! there were eyes that sparkled bright,
Among that gay and happy throng,
And hearts that bounded high and light,
Mid wit and mirth, and joyous song,

A wail upon the waters;
A loud and peering cry
Is mingled with a booming sound
That echoes through the sky!
A shower of human blood is now
High on the pennons spread,

And o'er the shattered deck is strewn
The dying and the dead.
Then rose, the loud and bitter wail,
The cry of agony,
As when a woman vents her grief
O'er sights which rend the heart to see.

Amidst that stricken band,
Whose sighs and tears were blent,
Two blooming maids, in anguished tones,
A father's fate lament;
And mingle with the cries that pierce
The hot sulphureous air,
Their shrieks of soulless, boundless grief,
And harrowing despair.
But there is one who feels the point
Of sorrow's spear more keen than they,
Who sinks beneath a heavier weight,
Of deep, heart-rending agony.

She sits upon the deck,
In silent, tearless woe,
Her bosom rent with pangs of grief
Which none but she can know,
Dishevelled from her marble brow,
Her silken hair is flung,
But the last kind drop of soothing grief,
Is from its fountain wrung,
"It cannot be, it cannot be,
My husband's life of bliss is o'er,"
Alas! the sad reality!

He to her side returns no more.

March 4, 1844.

R. F.

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH.
"Some fell by the wayside."

Not yet, not yet, oh pilgrim! cast aside
The dusty sandals and the well-worn staff;
Athirst and fainting, yet must thou abide
One peril more—and strength in thy behalf
Shall once again be born—it is the last!
Thou sinkest by the lonely wayside down,
And life o'erspent and weary, ebbeth past,
The lengthening shadows on thy path are thrown,
And thou wouldst rest, forgetful of life's dream,
Deluding, vain, and empty, and here die.
Not yet! not yet! there still is left one gleam
To onward lure thy too despairing eye;
Gird on thy staff, the shrine is yet unwon;
Oh! lose not thou the prize, by this last work undone.

A Good Chance!

Those who have already sent \$1.00, \$3.00 or \$5.00, can have Three Copies for \$2.00 more; those who have sent \$7.00, can have Five Copies for \$3.00 more, and after they have sent \$10.00, they can have Two Copies for \$1.00. We can supply back Numbers to all who wish to subscribe, or they can commence at any time they choose. We have issued a Prospectus containing Letters and Commendatory Notices, from different Papers in almost every state in the union.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every number embellished with one or more superior wood engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 308 pages.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE. Persons remitting us \$3.00, free of postage, shall receive Four Copies; for \$5.00, Seven Copies; for \$7.00, Ten Copies; for \$10.00, Fifteen Copies. To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; and for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th volumes, and any one sending for the 20th volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.